

THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

For the Native American.

There seems to be, among other new things of foreign origin recently got up, a system of puffing by which one man of "the Old World" may help another in this new one, sometimes to the disparagement of the Natives, and sometimes for special purposes.

In the Globe of Thursday morning, I find a letter from an Irishman calling the attention of the public to the lectures of another foreigner upon Arithmetic. Now I have no objection to help any man as far as my small mite of this world's good things may go, in the way of getting an honest living, whether he comes from the meridian of this Country or from the Antipodes, but when I see a combination of Foreigners to aid one another, we may naturally be indulged in the curiosity of asking who these individuals are? I would not want the feelings of any one, and should not have referred to the person, if the party had not under his own signature thrust himself before the public. Without therefore going any farther for the present, I would ask this correspondent if he does not think it would have been more becoming to have been satisfied with the emolument of his office, which some Native ought to enjoy, and have left the concerns of our City to old and respectable Citizens, instead of placing himself where the novelty of his position and the euphony of his name would attract enquiry?

This single act would perhaps not have called for notice, but in the Intelligence of the same day we see a simultaneous movement of probably another foreigner, under the signature of "A Sufferer," in which he brings still another Irishman before the public, "as one of the best gardeners in the Country," and speaks of his suggestions to some of our men in power "to give him lamps at every corner of the Avenue, with Watchmen to protect the property." Now this person is already, by some means which we cannot comprehend, officiating as the gardener at the Capitol, a man whom I will not speak of in comparison with thousands of our own men of the same trade, because that would burlesque them; but he or his compatriots not satisfied with this unnatural preference, is proposing a plan, whether so intended or not, by which the police of the City shall be placed in the hands of an appointed corps of foreigners, and thus institute a Swiss guard for any purposes that future faction may require.

I trust our Countrymen will be on the look out not only to put down this, but all other attempts of foreigners to take the lead and places of better men, in their own affairs.

I would respectfully call the attention of the Committee in Congress upon the District of Columbia, or that of the Committee on Public Buildings, to the enquiry of how these men get into office, who they are, and for what special reasons they are preferred in every thing that concerns public employment and high salaries. I do not design to refer to these individuals either exclusively or specially, and should not have adverted to them, if they or their friends had not put themselves before the public.

[Communicated.]

Whatever may be the opinions of different persons of the cause of the great quantity of dust and mud on Pennsylvania Avenue, the true and obvious reason is this, that the street is never properly cleared. Now, the whole difficulty could be removed by simply maintaining two cart horses, one boy, and three men, to sweep and clean the street and fill the carts; and the whole expense would not exceed six dollars per day; the scattering stone collected and placed in holes wherever they occur, so as to keep the road in constant repair.

When we look at this otherwise beautiful street, with its granite curb-stone and rows of trees, and its side-walks, twenty-seven feet wide, we actually regret that it should be chargeable with such objections as above mentioned. The remedy—call a meeting of all that are interested, and make a subscription of the sum necessary to maintain the above force for three months, and see if the evil is not removed.

I will subscribe \$5. L. E.

For the Native American.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, Ireland's Champion; the protector and defender of Factory Children and slanderer of America, &c. &c. &c.

We take the following extract from the late "Foreign News."

"The Queen held another levee at St. James's Palace on Wednesday the 21st inst. Among the persons introduced were Joe Hume, O'Connell and his two sons, his nephew, and about a dozen of 'The Tail.' It is believed that he (O'C.) is about taking office. Some say he will be Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench in Ireland, if Charles Kendal Bushe, (the present Judge) should resign. More have it that O'Connell will be taken into the Ministry! The rent has failed this year most awfully, and O'Connell must have some equivalent."

Some equivalent, mark the word. Unless his own oppressed and impoverished Countrymen can toe the mark, and pay him the sum agreed upon for his philanthropic exertions in their behalf, this patriot will accept a Judgeship over them, and judge them according to their delinquency, and punish them, as in his judgment he may deem just and proper, not for dishonesty, but inability to comply.

The Factory system in England, many years ago, (from the abuses, on those employed in the Factories, particularly children,) attracted the attention of many distinguished and philanthropic Statesmen of the day. Different acts were passed upon the subject, with a view, principally, to protect the Children, and limit the time of the operatives in the factories to the 10 hour system; these regulations having failed to accomplish the end in view, an act was passed in the year 1833. Inspectors were appointed to see it rigidly carried into effect. Now we come again to Mr. Daniel O'Connell, and if true, and I have not a doubt myself on the subject, the following extract should mantle the cheek of every Son of Erin, who hears of the abuse cast upon America, their adopted home, by the traitor O'Connell.

From Blackwood's Magazine for July, 1836, as follows, viz:

"Mr. O'Connell had spoken on various occasions, in and out of Parliament, in behalf of the Factory children; three days before the debate alluded to, he had eagerly sought Lord Ashley to assure him of his support, comprehending, of course, the whole weight of the 'Tail'—on the day of trial, to the indignation and contempt of all men, he and they voted against him and against the infant suppliants for mercy. Our readers can be at no loss to guess the nature of the arguments by which the disgusting apostasy was gilded.

"The sordid Judas of these days betrayed them for gold. Three days after the traitor had fulfilled the conditions of the compact—had sealed the bond of his iniquity—a purse of £700 from the Unitarian and Dissenting Mill-owners and others, was presented to him. It had been kept back by the parties in London, charged to negotiate the vile treaty with him, until the noxious reptile had acquired his engagement; the spoil was then claimed and surrendered."

NOTICE ON THE CULTURE OF TULIPS

BY M. TRIPET, SR.

Translated from the French, for the Native American.

The brief reflections which I am about to make public, are the results of my own experience, and that of my father; that is to say, of an experience of 75 years. During the course of this long study, we have tested all the improvements, tried all kinds of culture: I have borrowed from the Belgian and Dutch horticulturists processes which have produced them beautiful collections. In a word, I have endeavored to become acquainted with every thing which can add to the perfection of a branch of gardening to which I have consecrated all my leisure moments, often also my repose, and which has repaid my care with pure enjoyments.

I should not have dreamed of publishing the following pages, had I not have been solicited by many distinguished amateurs who thought, on seeing my collection of Tulips, that I might say something new and useful on the subject. I accede to their invitation through deference, and also in the hope that this essay will induce those who are the most familiar with this branch of horticulture to publish, on their part, the result of their experience.

TULIP OF GESNER OR FLORISTS.

This beautiful flower, which is at present the most magnificent ornament of our gardens, and which by the richness of its numerous varieties claims the first rank in the collection of amateurs, merits a detailed treatise. Let us consecrate some lines to its history before describing its specific character, and speaking of its cultivation, &c.

I. HISTORY OF THE TULIP.

The Tulip seems to have been unknown to the ancients, or at least, if mention be made of it, it is under names and characters which allow of doubt whether they were ever acquainted with it. Nothing can be discovered in Pliny which relates to it, and if Gesner suspected that it might be the Satyrion Erithonium of the Greeks, or the Aneione Linoma of Theophrastus; if Banhier thought also he recognized it in the Pythia of this last named author, they have based their conjectures on grounds so vague that they have not ventured to propose them with any certainty. Thus, even up to the thirteenth century, this superb flower, although cultivated in Europe under the name of Tulipan on account of its resemblance with the bonnets of the Dalmatians, a name from which proceeds that which it bears at the present day, had not as yet attracted the attention of any Botanist. It is to Conrad Gesner to whom we owe its first delineation and description which appeared in the work of Valerius Cordus, published in 1560.

Whatever may be the difference of opinion among authors relative to the places from whence the Tulip takes its origin: though some would have it to come from the confines of China, others from the plains of Tartary, where it is known under the name of "Sale," though others in fine pretend that the Portuguese brought it to Holland from the Indies; still all opinions unite in making it indigenous to Asia, where it remained for a long period, neglected and without a name. According to the most probable opinion, it came amongst us from the Oriental provinces adjacent to Europe. In fact, Gesner brought from Constantinople in 1559, the species which bears his name. Later, in 1575, Jacques de L'Ecluse, a learned Botanist, received at Vienna, from Angierus Busbecque, Ambassador to Turkey, some grains of the Tulip which he carried to Belgium, and from which, six years afterwards, he obtained flowers of various kinds. The first cultivated in France were carried thither from Tournay. Wighem sent some roots to the celebrated Pierese, who having planted them in 1610 in his garden at Aix, had flowers from them the succeeding spring.

The Tulip once known, how could it fail from making enthusiasts? It became from the beginning of its appearance, a source of competition among amateurs; it was a struggle who should multiply most its varieties, which every day produced with new tints and differently combined. Each one endeavored by care and expense to possess flowers superior in beauty, and fancied himself well paid for all his pains when a single tulip was blown, which in point of form and color, might defy any thing in the possession of his rivals.

In the Seventeenth century, the passion for Tulips among the Belgian and Dutch Amateurs, became a real mania. They acquired according to them a fictitious value, which introduced them soon into commerce in exchange for large sums of money or for immovable objects of great price. It was not a matter of rare occurrence to see a single root valued at many thousands of francs, and the extensive traffic which was carried on in 1637, amounted to many millions; this mania making every day fresh progress, the General Assembly of Holland, convinced of the damage which resulted, in consequence, to commerce and families, was compelled to interfere, and passed laws of great rigor to arrest transactions of the kind. At the time of this effervescence, property of considerable value was exchanged for a single flower. The Brewery of Silbe estimated at 30,000 francs, which its owner gave up for one root alone, is cited as a striking monument of this folly.

If Bourgeois is to be credited, there is no nation which carries the love of Tulips further than the Turks. Among this voluptuous people, they have become not only an object of pleasure and luxury, but even of a kind of worship. There is no solemnity at Constantinople more splendid than the Feast of Tulips. It is at the season when their bloom is in all its glory, that Odalisques celebrate it in the bosom of the Seraglio with all the pomp and magnificence which the Orientals display on such occasions. Placed amphitheatrically on steps amidst gardens illuminated with myriad torches, they are at once the object and the greatest ornament of this feast instituted in their honor.

If in France the Tulips do not obtain the extraordinary favor which they enjoy in Belgium and Holland, they boast numerous amateurs, and names might be mentioned which have become as it were European. Among the daughters of Flora which our climate has adopted, and which it allows to display all the splendor of their colors, there is perhaps not one more worthy than the Tulip to attract the care of those who devote themselves to their cultivation; thus the number increase daily, and without pretending to be the defenders of the "Tulip-mad" who make such extra-

gant sacrifices to become possessors of a new conquest; we will endeavor to justify the friends of these flowers in a predilection which they so richly deserve.

2. PLEASURES WHICH THE CULTIVATION OF TULIPS AFFORD.

It is difficult, in fact, not to yield to a feeling of admiration at the aspect of these chosen flowers which the amateur has collected, and to which Nature seems to have distributed, with a liberal hand, all the treasures of her rich pallet; but when even a more minute examination adds to these causes, the regularity of their superb chapel, the symmetry of their stamens, the virgin softness of their petals, the enthusiasm of the admirer may appear to us yet as strange; for in all the affections, there are secrets of which those who are indifferent vainly seek the key, and which those alone who experience them can explain.

Thus we will not undertake to analyze the gradual sensations through which our amateur has passed, whose vigilant eye has watched, from year to year, each one of his Tulips in the different phases of their development; but, a simple witness, we will endeavor to observe him at the moment when the sweetest enjoyments repay him for so much care and solicitude.

The days have arrived when he can contemplate his cherished flowers in all their splendor and glory; abandoned to his enthusiasm, see him first embrace their populous ranks with a glance which seems to become haughty from the pomp with which they are surrounded. He soon devotes to each one of them a more marked attention; he examines in their most delicate shades the contrasts of this one, the undulated plumes of another; there are few amongst them which do not afford him new beauties which he had not as yet perceived, and which his practised eyes have just discovered. He cannot above all abandon those which have become his pride, and are the objects of his predilection; for it is upon them he has built the hope of a new family.

At this moment a radiant sun lends to their tints a reflection more vivid; a gentle breeze springs up; all wave gently together, as it were upon so many moveable colonades, their capitals streaked with purple, ivory and azure; all bend gracefully one to another, approach, retire to approach anew, and retire yet again; their colors cross, combine or become confused together. In this spectacle of these wonderful contrasts, which the rays of light have multiplied under a thousand shapes, our admirer in mute silence, fancies that he sees, in this rapid exchange of chaste embraces, some of those happy mixtures which he seeks so eagerly, and perhaps Nature has just fulfilled one of its vows! perhaps a mysterious hymen has just been consummated in the bosom of one of these flowers, that desired combination which has passed before his eyes only as a dream of his imagination, as a brilliant optical illusion.

But if we add to the pleasures produced by the cultivation of Tulips, the intellectual enjoyments to which their ingenious nomenclature lends a new charm, how much the passion of certain persons for them would seem to be well founded!

In fact, sometimes it is the smiling fictions of mythology which are revived in these, which have borrowed their names from the fables of antiquity; sometimes the more serious souvenirs of history which seem to claim in those witnesses reviving without end to attest them. Some are honored with the name of the great man to whom they were consecrated, others with that of the celebrated woman who did not scorn their homage. Love, friendship, gratitude have also found in them more than once faithful interpreters. There is not one in fine which does not represent to the mind an ingenious emblem, or which is not for the heart a source of sweet reminiscence.

It is thus, for the instructed and philosophical amateur, a choice collection of Tulips becomes a kind of brilliant gallery where, every spring, the ingenious pictures of fable beside those of history unfold themselves; an album traced on the vellum of flowers, where he comes to refresh his recollections, and where those to whom nature has not given his tastes, would be jealous perhaps of his being able thus to read. Happy then are those to whom this cultivation affords at the same time a salutary relaxation and a means of agreeable emotions! Alas! an ample number of desolating passions torment and distract the heart of man; cannot a place be left for those things which may amuse and console him?

From the N. O. True American.

OUR FLAG FIRED UPON BY MEXICO.

We give below an official account of an outrage on our flag, which calls for the promptest and severest retribution. While the steamer Columbia, Captain Wright, was on her way hither from Velasco, with the "stripes and stars" flying at her mast-head, she was interrupted by two Mexican ships of war, who fired into her repeatedly, and, but for the decided conduct of Captain Wright, would have compelled her to stop, if not submit. Before we give the official account, we will state some information we have from a well informed and intelligent friend, who was on board the Columbia. Some six weeks ago, a schooner put into Galveston Island apparently in distress. She had a large number of passengers, principally Mexicans and Spaniards, who were permitted to visit the naval station of the island. Some of these parties, it is pretty well known, communicated the particulars to the Mexican government; and there is a moral conviction arising from the facts already known, and from the very large number of men on board the two attacking vessels, that it is the intention to land a force on the island, and burn up the Navy Yard and other establishments. The brig spoken of in the annexed report, was the new sloop of war, "Iguala," said to be one of the finest vessels that ever sailed out of Baltimore. She was commanded by Com. Lopez, carried from 32 to 36 guns, and is believed to have had over 200 men on board. The other vessel was the "Turbide," commanded by a renegade American named Davis; and though carrying only 18 guns, had on board an immense number of men, supposed to be troops intended for the descent on Galveston. At the time the Columbia stopped her engine, she had on a heavy head of steam with all her hose manned for the purpose of using the boiling water for defence or attack, and could easily have run down the "Iguala," which Captain Wright was strongly disposed to do, but hesitated from the recommendation of some of his officers. His conduct throughout is spoken of by all as worthy of every commendation; and while we re-echo the call on our naval commanders in the Gulf to do prompt justice for the insult offered our flag, we present the name of Captain Wright to our citizens as one deserving their warmest esteem.

On board the steam ship Columbia,

NEAR NEW ORLEANS, March 26th, 1838.

Commodore S. CASSIN,

Commander of the U. S. naval force in the Gulf of Mexico, &c.

Sir,—As the protector of your country's honor

and interests on this part of her maritime frontier, when both are assailed in the most wanton and aggravated manner, we feel ourselves constrained to inform you of an occurrence that has recently transpired, which it may be your duty to inquire into with a view to such reparation as circumstances may warrant your demanding for your insulted country.

Leaving Galveston on the morning of the 24th inst. for Velasco, we soon afterwards discovered two Mexican vessels of war; one a brig, under a press of canvass, making for us; the other a large ship lying at anchor. The latter soon got under weigh and joined the chase, but after following us for three hours they both gave it up. Landing our passengers at Velasco, and taking on board several others, we stood on our course for New Orleans; and when about ten miles from Velasco, we again discovered the same vessels that gave us chase in the morning. The brig shot across our starboard, and the ship closed on our larboard bow, effectually to intercept our flight, if attempted.

We kept the national colors flying from the moment we raised our anchor in the morning; also the private signal of the Columbia at the main.—On dividing, in order to prevent our flight, at a little more than musket shot distance, the brig hoisted the Mexican colours, and fired a gun loaded with grape and ball, which passed within a short distance of us; shortly after another gun, with grape and canister, which passed close under our bow; the ship at the same moment hoisting her colours, being a very short distance from us, fired a ball which fell on our starboard side. The brig again fired at us with grape and canister, evidently aiming at our colours, as one of the shrouds connecting them with the mast was cut through, and the flag at the same time perforated by the ball.

Although we were lying perfectly still, the engine being stopped, and within FORTY or FIFTY YARDS of the brig, these acts of violence were manifested. Capt. Wright, feeling justly indignant at such a gross outrage to his country's flag, demanded what they wanted of him, and why they continued to fire upon him when he was entirely at their mercy? They replied, "We want your papers." Captain W. rejoined, "Come and get them, and G—d d—n you, if you fire another shot at me, I'll blow you to hell." Immediately three muskets with buck and slug were fired at him as he stood alone by the wheel house on the forward deck. At that instant the engineer let the steam partially escape, which from its strange and extraordinary noise to those brave Mexicans, caused one and all, with a solitary exception, to fall upon their faces, apprehending we suppose, that Captain Wright intended to put in execution the threat he uttered a few moments previously.

This ended the encounter. Captain Wright then proceeded triumphantly on his way without being searched, and we cannot let this opportunity pass without awarding him that praise which is peculiarly his due, for the firm and manly stand he took in sustaining the honor of his country, leaving him the proud and grateful reflection that he would not at the imminent hazard of his life suffer a stain to be inflicted on her "Star Spangled Banner."

ADVICE TO SUNDRY PEOPLE.

When you feel your passions rising never confine or suppress them. How many boilers have been burst by too close an imprisonment of their contents.

Always proclaim the faults of others. There should be no secrets in a republican government. Never give up your opinion though you know you are wrong; it shows that you have no independence.

Whenever you attack your neighbor's character, do it behind his back, so as not to wound his feelings.

Make it a rule to keep company with rogues and rascals, and then if you should be prosecuted for an offence you have committed, and your comrades should be called as witnesses against you, no body will believe them and you'll get clear.

Never forgive an injury. The power of pardoning belongs to the government.

When you have done an act of charity publish it to others, so that they may do so too.

Never pay your debts, it is unconstitutional; for payments impress the obligation of a contract and even the Legislature has no power to do that.

Temperance is a great virtue; therefore always be moderate in the use of ardent spirits. Six glasses of sling before breakfast is as good as a thousand.

When you are at church, go to sleep. Sunday is a day of rest.

If a secret has been committed to you to keep, take special care to keep it safely; and it may be well for caution's sake, to get one or two to help you.

And as woman is called the "weaker vessel," she should have half a dozen to help her.

Never sweep your parlor—it makes a confounded dust.

Never brush down a cobweb, it is a part of a spider's dwelling house, and of course his castle. Life is short, and as things are now managed, a woman's work is never done; she must therefore work double tides; that is, she should talk and laugh at the same time. Years of life may be saved.

When you are in company and can find nothing to say, you may do your part by singing and whistling to yourself.

In telling a story, season it with laughter as you go on, and give notice when you have done, so that others may know when to join in the laugh.

Some people sigh in the old fashion way; and some give a long sigh through the nose. The former mode occasions much wear and tear of the heart, and the latter saves the wear and tear of the pocket handkerchiefs.—Portland Trans.

The following witty reply of a witty young lady is not bad. "I have been troubled with weak eyes for more than ten years," said Mr. B. "and I am not able to tell the cause." "Can't you," said Miss F. "I can." "What is it?" "Because they are set in a weak place," was the reply.

CHRISTIANITY—Has done more than all things to determine the character and direction of our present civilization; and who can question or overlook the tendency and design of religion? Christianity has no plainer purpose, than to unite all men as brethren, to make man unutterably dear to man, to pour contempt on outward distinction, to raise the fallen, to league all in efforts for the elevation of all. To the establishment of fraternal relations among men, the science, literature, commerce, education of the Christian world are tending. Who is so blind as to call it temporary influence? Who so blind, so impious, as to strive to arrest it?—Channing.

Murder indicated by a Dream.—The following extraordinary circumstance was lately related by a gentleman of Norfolk, to whom the affair actually occurred:—About the latter end of Autumn, 1816, I had retired to rest one evening earlier than usual, having invited some friends to supper on the following night; I had slept some hours, when I dreamed that a lady clothed in a long white robe, rushed into the chamber and fixing her eyes upon me with a look of agony exclaimed, 'They will murder him!' and immediately the cry of one in pain fell upon my ear. I awoke and all was silent thro' the house, and I again composed myself to slumber. I had scarcely closed my eyes, when the same figure gave me the same warning, and the same cry was heard, I started from my sleep and awoke my wife, to whom I related my wonderful dream; but she said it was absurd to pay any attention to such fancies. I again fell asleep, and the third time the same figure appeared, but this time it was all bloody, and whispered, 'It is too late!' The cries were repeated, and I awoke the third time in a cold sweat; the cry of distress still rung on my waking senses; my wife was also awakened by the noise; and conscious that my dream was not a mere illusion, I hastily snatched my pistols from the table, and rushed down the stairs. The cry still continued, but not so loud as at first; the sound seemed like the gurgling of blood in the throat. I cocked my pistols and flew into the kitchen, whence the sound seemed to proceed, when the first object that caught my eye was a wretch armed with a large knife stained with blood. The man wore no coat, but his sleeves were tucked up to the shoulder, and his arms, face, and shirt, were all covered with blood! I rushed forward and collared the villain; and giving the alarm, the room was immediately filled with servants. I dragged the miscreant to the light, and discovered—my own cook! He had been engaged in killing a young pig, which I had ordered to be stuffed for supper on the following evening!

TO THE RAINBOW.

BY CAMPBELL.

Triumphant arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seen, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dream of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabled dreams,
But words of the most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green, undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou did'st shine,
How came the world's gay fathers forth
To watch the sacred sign?

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untried,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptur'd greet thy beam:
Theme of primal prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glitt'ring in the freshest fields,
The stowey mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girle, cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke grew to man.

How to preserve Health.—Take precious care of your precious health—but how, as the housewives say, to make it keep? Why, then, don't cure and smoke-dry it—or pickle it in everlasting acids, like the Germans. Don't bury it in a potato-bit, like the Irish. Don't preserve it in spirits, like the Barbadians. Don't salt it down, like the Newfoundlanders. Don't pack it in ice, like Captain Back. Don't parboil it in hot baths. Don't bottle it, like gooseberries. Don't pot it—and don't hang it. A rope is a bad carion saintaire. Above all, don't despond about it. Let no anxiety have "thee on the hip." Consider your health as your best friend, and think as well of it, in spite of all foibles, as you can. For instance, never dream, though you may have "clever hack," of galloping consumption, or mindulge in the Meltonian belief that you are going the pace. Never fancy, every time you cough, that you are going to cough-pot. Hold up, as the shooter says, over the heaviest ground. Despondency, in a nice case, is the over-weight that may make you kick the beam and the bucket both at once. In short, as with other cases, never meet for his pains; though it should be a Scotch mile and a bitcock. I have even known him to give up his visit in sight of the house. Besides, the best fence against care is a "hat ha!"—wherefore, take care to have one all around you wherever you can. Let your "lungs crow like Chanticleer," and as like a game cock as possible. It expands the chest, enlarges the heart, quickens the circulation, and "like a trumpet, makes the spirits dance."—[Hood's Own.

A LAY SERMON.—A briefer or more beautiful lay sermon is not to be found than the following, from the pen of Leigh Hunt:

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he bold,
And "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. "A book shows more low,
But cherily still and said—"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great weakening light,
And shew'd the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's led all the rest.